Cozen, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold
At *Windsor*, so informe the Lords:
But come your selfe with speed to us againe,
For more is to be sayd, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege.

Exeunt.

Enter Prince of Wales, and sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Fal. Now *Hall*, what time of day is it, Lad?

Prin. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sacke, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon Benches after noone, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldest truely know. What a devill hast thou to doe with the time of the day? Unlesse houres were cups of Sacke, and minuts Capons, and Clocks the tongues of Bawds, and Dials the signes of leaping-Houses, and the blessed Sunne himselfe a faire hot wench in flame-coloured Taffata; I see no reason why thou shouldest be superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fals. Indeed you come neere me now, *Hall*, for we that take Purses, goe by the Moon and seven Starres, and not by *Phœbus*, he that wandring Knight so faire: and I prethee, sweet wagge, when thou art King, as God save thy Grace; Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt have none.

Prin. What, none?

Fals. No by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fals. Marry then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the nights body, be called Theeves of the dayes beauty: let us be *Diana's* Forresters, Gentlemen of the shade, minions of the Moone; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste Mistris the Moone; under whose countenance we steale.

Prince. Thou sayst well, and it holds well too, for the fortune of us that are the Moones men, doth ebbe, and flow like the Sea, being governed as the Sea is by the Moone; as for proofe

proofe: Now a purse of gold most resolutely snatcht on Munday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing lay by, and spent with crying bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Fals. By the Lord thou sayest true, Lad: and is not my Hostesse of the Taverne a most sweet wench?

Prince. As the hony of *Hibla*: my old Lad of the Castle: and is not a Buffe Jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fals. How now, how now, mad wag, what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague have I to doe with a Buffe Jerkin?

Prince. Why, what a pox have I to doe with my Hostesse of the Taverne?

Fals. Well, thou hast cal'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fals. No, i'le give thee thy due, thou hast payd all there.

Prince. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coyne would stretch, and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fals. Yea, and so used it, that were it not heere apparant that thou art Heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, shall there be Gallows standing in *England*, when thou art King? and resolution thus snub'd as it is with the rusty crub of old father antick the Law? doe not thou, when thou art King, hang a theefe.

Prin. No, thou shalt.

Fals. Shall I? O rare by the Lord! I'le be a brave Judge.

Prin. Thou judgest false already. I meane thou shalt have the hanging of the Theeves, and so becomest a rare Hangman.

Fals. Well, *Hall*, well, and in some sort it jumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of suites?

Fals. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb-Cat, or a lugd-Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lion, or a lovers Lute.

Fals. Yea, or the drone of a *Lincolneshire* Bagpipe.

Prince. What sayest thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of

Moore